



## A LAZY SPIRIT IS A LOSING SPIRIT

### EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

The Bulletin wants good home letters; good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER, EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

### SOCIAL CORNER POEM

#### The Shadow of Eden Still Broods O'er the Earth

From the heavens above us sweet beauty has birth,  
And follows our fallen race;  
'Tis the shadow of Eden that lingers on earth,  
And it shines in each child's sweet face.

It is felt in the fluttering leaves of the trees,  
And heard in the hum of the bee;  
'Tis the rhythmic song in the soft summer breeze,  
And the pulse in the heaving sea.

In the flowers that bloom at the breath of the morn,  
And the glow on the evening sky;  
A thousand new joys for the earth are born,  
To gladden the ear and the eye.

Sweet whispers are these of the past Golden Age,  
When the earth was the Garden of God;  
Long before sin marred Creation's fair page,  
Or man in war's pathway had trod.

Ah then oft the angels wailed here on the earth,  
For heaven's own glory was near;  
For all men then tasted the heavenly birth,  
And they knew not a sorrow or tear.

But beauty, sweet beauty, still whispers of love,  
And the song birds still greet us with joy,  
For the heavenly spheres seek our cold hearts to move,  
Lest evil all mankind destroy.

These are signs and sweet omens of glory to come,  
When the angelic race shall return  
And seek once again the Father's own home,  
And from follies and evils shall turn.

For the gate of fair Eden still stands ajar,  
And the race shall enter again;  
The foot-sore and weary, having wandered so far,  
Its whippers still in us remain.

All the states of our childhood are sleeping within,  
They're immortal and never can die,  
They never, Ah never, were tainted by sin,  
And they all will awake by and by.

For the heavens above us still rest on the earth,  
And its peace and its glory are near;  
The angels they whisper of the heavenly birth,  
And guard against evil and fear.

Ah! the watchman and prophet, the poet and seer,  
All have told of the glory to come,  
To renew nature's face, and man's lone heart to cheer,  
And guide him again to his home.

His home, blessed home, the dear Eden of old,  
Where no terror nor evil e'er trod;  
Its beauty and glory were too great to be told,  
For that home was the Garden of God.

—J. M. Shephard.

### INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

PAULA—Card received and mailed to Black Panther.

RURAL DELIVERY—Card received and forwarded to Paula.

MERRY WIDOW—Card received and sent to Aunt Hester.

JOAN—Card received. Glad to have you included. Thanks.

AUNT ABBY—Card received and mailed to Paula.

BETSY BOBBETT—Card received and mailed as you directed.

BALSAM FIR—BALSAM card received. Thanks.

### NEW THOUGHT COMFORTS

DOTTIE.

Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner—Once more I am going to express a few thoughts in regard to the new thought question. To me

### AUNT ABBY ENJOYS AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: It has been quite a long time since I have written; not that I have lost interest in The Corner, for it grows more interesting every week, and as Lucinda says: "It seems as though I could not wait until Saturday comes."

There are so many others who can write so much more interesting letters than I, that I would rather give space to them. Am glad to see so many new writers. I am sure they are welcome. Wish the old writers would let us hear from them often.

Went to the Stafford fair, Oct. 12th, and I certainly enjoyed the ride. It was a lovely day. The foliage of the trees along the way was something grand. All the shades imaginable of red, green, yellow and brown. It will leave a pleasant memory in my mind for a long time. Met Samantha, Samantha's daughter and Chere Girl. Had a nice chat with them.

Paula: Many thanks for the pretty Halloween card; hope the good luck will come right along. Am sure I can't think you are. If you are very anxious, I will write you a card soon.

Lucinda: I thought sure I would see you long before this. Hope you are much better and that you will be able to make that promised visit "with a lantern" before the weather gets cold. I have been thinking of you and your house as I went to Stafford and I did so want to stop, but business called me. I will write you again when I see you.

Betsy Bobbett: I agree with you. I don't believe in making a great deal of green tomatoes, and cake without eggs, for I know by experience they are delicious. I took first prize on a loaf of cake made with butter or eggs at the Norwich fair.

Peggy Anne: Yes, I was glad when the last day was over, and especially the fact that I had a headache. I got very tired, but am rested now.

Lucinda: Welcome to the Corner. Am glad you made up your mind to write. Suppose you had a nice time at your anniversary. Wish I could have been there.

Magnolia: Thanks for the headache remedy. Will try it. Best wishes to all.

AUNT ABBY.

### THE MERRY WIDOW'S GINGER-BREAD

Dear Editor and Cornerites: I am with you once more.

Paula, I wonder if I met you at the Norwich fair. I think I know some of the folks who were there. I was sorry to hear you had a headache. I am sending a recipe for ginger-bread which I think is very nice.

Melrose Gingerbread—One cup molasses, one-half cup lard, one teaspoon salt, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one-half cup of boiling water and use flour as you would for layer cake.

MERRY WIDOW.

### C. E. S.'S WAY TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.

Editor and Cornerites. What a beautiful afternoon! Having such a nice rain, which we all rejoiced to see.

Bluebird: Where are you? Can't we have a pocket of rain? We are not heard from you in a long time. Surely you have not flown south, as we are having beautiful weather now for bluebirds. Also, whether you are or not, how does the new auto get along, suppose you are learning to run it.

Ready: Are you busy with that shuttle nowadays, and doing other fancy work that you have not written in so long? We should like to hear from you and how you like your new Wood Box. Cold weather will soon be here, and you will have to have the man of the house get busy filling the box for you. I have heard from Sweet William? We have not had a letter from her in a long time. Has she changed her pen name? We like to see so many new writers joining The Corner. The Corner, but hope the old writers won't forget to write.

Bright Ray: I think I can guess you out. If I am right you are to move soon. Where you live now there are many trees. Have I guessed right? As one of the Sisters called for the recipe to make apple butter, I will send it.

The day before you get ready to make your Apple Butter, select nice apples, cut out all bruises and specks, place in a large barrel or tub, and cover with a cover; and to be cooked slowly for eight hours, without taking the cover off. Be sure and not lift the apples while cooking, for when the air reaches the apples they will fall to the bottom and stick. After cooking the apples, drain them in a colander, and remove the peel. Flavor to suit your taste. Add one cup vinegar, lay on it five or six select oysters, or enough to cover the bottom; butter them and season with a little salt, a plenty of white pepper and spread over this an egg batter and cover with a crust of the paste, making small openings in it with a fork; bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes, or until the top is nicely browned.

PLAIN NANCY.

C. E. S.

## Si and Wife Go To Niagara Falls

Silas and I have been married nigh on to forty years, and one morning after reading the Norwich-Bulletin Silas said:

"Mandy, I think we ought to have a wedding trip."

"My sakes alive, Silas Green, what ever put that into your head? We have been married for forty years, and I have been reading that some young people had just got married and had more money than brains and went off on a trip, and Silas was just foolish enough to want to go and do likewise."

Well, after looking the matter over, we decided to go.

Silas at first wanted to go to Volantown; but I said: "No I want there once and visited his Aunt Mary and visited every moment I was there, and came home tired out. You don't take me again up there!"

"Well, after talking about a week we decided to go to Niagara Falls. So one fine morning we started. We got up at four o'clock and I fed the hens, and I got breakfast and such a winkle heard such a noise. I was right glad when morning came."

We decided we would eat our lunch for breakfast, as we did not eat all the day before, so we did.

Then we started out to find Niagara Falls. We went down the stairs (I decided I would walk for I was afraid that the ship would let me down too quick), and we started. We went down the stairs (I decided I would walk for I was afraid that the ship would let me down too quick), and we started.

One of the things I liked best when we got to Albany Silas said: "There is the capitol!"

I looked and said: "Who would think that building covered so much sin!"

Silas said: "It don't unless some of the bad ones are there!"

Lucinda: I am glad to see you. I have been interested in what has been said upon fasting for health by The Crank and other writers in The Bulletin. I have been inclined to look for fun at it, but I am not so sure now. I wonder why fasting and prayer are so much talked of in the scriptures; or if fasting two or three weeks causes a person to be regarded as a crank, what people think the Saviour fasted forty days for, or for nearly six weeks.

It seems to me when the scriptures couple fasting and prayer, fasting has to be done by eveninging the mind, as well as prayer, and that it should be the desire of those who are seeking for truth to know what the relation of the two is.

There is no getting away from the fact if we believe the scriptures that there is virtue in fasting and if we do not know what it is, why shouldn't we be in earnest to find out?

Those who have fasted tell us it not only reduced their flesh, but increased their power. I have often seen the physical infirmities; that it gives a consciousness of power never before possessed.

Remembering right Dreamer told us about the true hunger which comes in the mouth and the false appetite which gnaws at the stomach, discovering fasting by eveninging the mind, is knowing ourselves as never before to be able to recognize the Saviour, Hunger, from the Destroyer, Appetite!

It is a part of the Christian's code to fast as well as pray; but appetite has so enamored us that we scout at man's old benefactor and we shut our stomachs and cloud our minds.

I try to cultivate an open mind and to be capable of recognizing everything that is good in the world, and I believe moderation in all things opens the mind for knowledge of many things.

RUTH.

### GIRLS' CLUB ROOM.

When the Girls' Club fitted up their room there had to be a great deal of planning as there were only ten working girls and they could only afford to have a room with steam heat they could have for \$1 a week in the home with a motherly woman if they could manage to cover off. Be sure and not lift the apples while cooking, for when the air reaches the apples they will fall to the bottom and stick. After cooking the apples, drain them in a colander, and remove the peel. Flavor to suit your taste. Add one cup vinegar, lay on it five or six select oysters, or enough to cover the bottom; butter them and season with a little salt, a plenty of white pepper and spread over this an egg batter and cover with a crust of the paste, making small openings in it with a fork; bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes, or until the top is nicely browned.

Small Oyster Pie—For each pie take a tin plate half the size of an ordinary dinner plate. Butter it and cover the bottom with a puff paste, as for pies; lay on it five or six select oysters, or enough to cover the bottom; butter them and season with a little salt, a plenty of white pepper and spread over this an egg batter and cover with a crust of the paste, making small openings in it with a fork; bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes, or until the top is nicely browned.

PLAIN NANCY.

C. E. S.

heard the song "I dreamt I were in marble halls!" Well, here I was, a boy came and wanted to take our values, but Si said he could carry them himself, and he did.

We had to put our names on a big book—where we came from, and it looked to me as though they were going to ask if we had any money? We had! I had one hundred dollars that Silas did not know I had all sewed up in my pocket.

After Si had signed the book we went to a box in the corner and got in and do you know I thought I was in a marble hall! Well, here I was, a boy came and wanted to take our values, but Si said he could carry them himself, and he did.

We went up and up and when the roof stopped us, we stopped! Don't you forget it. Our room was clean, but I looked down the bed and we hung our clothes on the gas burners so we should be sure not to get no vermin in them. Well I don't believe we slept a wink all night. The cars were ringing bells, autos tooting their horns, folks talking and such a noise. I was right glad when morning came."

We decided we would eat our lunch for breakfast, as we did not eat all the day before, so we did.

Then we started out to find Niagara Falls. We went down the stairs (I decided I would walk for I was afraid that the ship would let me down too quick), and we started. We went down the stairs (I decided I would walk for I was afraid that the ship would let me down too quick), and we started.

One of the things I liked best when we got to Albany Silas said: "There is the capitol!"

I looked and said: "Who would think that building covered so much sin!"

Silas said: "It don't unless some of the bad ones are there!"

Lucinda: I am glad to see you. I have been interested in what has been said upon fasting for health by The Crank and other writers in The Bulletin. I have been inclined to look for fun at it, but I am not so sure now. I wonder why fasting and prayer are so much talked of in the scriptures; or if fasting two or three weeks causes a person to be regarded as a crank, what people think the Saviour fasted forty days for, or for nearly six weeks.

It seems to me when the scriptures couple fasting and prayer, fasting has to be done by eveninging the mind, as well as prayer, and that it should be the desire of those who are seeking for truth to know what the relation of the two is.

There is no getting away from the fact if we believe the scriptures that there is virtue in fasting and if we do not know what it is, why shouldn't we be in earnest to find out?

Those who have fasted tell us it not only reduced their flesh, but increased their power. I have often seen the physical infirmities; that it gives a consciousness of power never before possessed.

Remembering right Dreamer told us about the true hunger which comes in the mouth and the false appetite which gnaws at the stomach, discovering fasting by eveninging the mind, is knowing ourselves as never before to be able to recognize the Saviour, Hunger, from the Destroyer, Appetite!

It is a part of the Christian's code to fast as well as pray; but appetite has so enamored us that we scout at man's old benefactor and we shut our stomachs and cloud our minds.

I try to cultivate an open mind and to be capable of recognizing everything that is good in the world, and I believe moderation in all things opens the mind for knowledge of many things.

KEZIAH DOOLITTLE'S MOCK OYSTERS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters—I have been so busy with my preserving and canning I have neglected to write for The Corner; but I have been thinking to read all of the letters each week.

When hanging your clothes on the line, instead of putting the pins straight up and down put them slanting and they will hold the clothes more firmly, if the wind blows.

Mock Oyster Stew—To one quart water add four large ripe tomatoes, one pint of cream, one cup of butter, one cup of one-half teaspoon soda. As soon as you put the soda in, add one pint of milk; then the salt, pepper and a dash of taste.

When making starch on wash days, add a teaspoon of powdered borax to the starch before adding the water. After the starch is made, add a teaspoon of the size of a walnut and a teaspoon of salt.

Paula: I have heard in a roundabout way that the brothers and sisters were trying to find out who I am, but I don't think they have as yet.

I see by last Saturday's Bulletin that Rural Delivery thinks we are the "mysteries of the Corner" to him. We haven't had to use any celebrated salve to keep our lips closed so far, have we?

Perhaps if he would use some kind of magic liniment, he could think better, and it might help him to solve the mysteries of The Corner. KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

### GREETINGS FROM SNOWBALL.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: Here I come again for a chat with the sisters after a long absence. What pleasant weather we are having. It won't be long before winter is with us again.

Annette: Your story about The Hushing Bee was fine. We should all thank Merry Farmer for giving us such pleasant eveninging.

Crimson Rambler: How did you arrive home. Hope you didn't have any accidents. When are you going to give us another visit.

Maple Leaf: Why don't you write? Maple leaves will soon be a thing of the past.

Paula: Have you got rested yet from your excitement the night of the hushing bee. If so, please give us a call.

Edna Bud: Where are you? Have you got your new house built yet? I suppose you are busy. How is your friend P.? I haven't seen her lately. I have been thinking of you and you can be. Please give me a clue so I can find out.

Balsam Fir: I received your postal. Was very pleased to hear you are recovering.

Wiggle: Have you been fishing lately? It is nearly time you got that trout again. When you get it, then you won't get time to go fishing.

Aunt Abby: Was pleased to see you at the fair. I was up to the tent but I didn't see anyone in there.

I will close now to give some of the other sisters a chance.

Now that the evenings are getting looser, we can find more time to write. Best wishes to all the sisters.

SNOWBALL.

### THE MAKING OF FRUIT BUTTER.

Editor and Social Sisters: Someone has asked how to make apple butter. Apples are plenty and if one has the time and patience the following is good—an old-timer's rule:

Apple Butter.—One gallon of boiled cider, half a bushel of tart, juicy apples, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of one-half teaspoon soda. As soon as you put the soda in, add one pint of milk; then the salt, pepper and a dash of taste.

When making starch on wash days, add a teaspoon of powdered borax to the starch before adding the water. After the starch is made, add a teaspoon of the size of a walnut and a teaspoon of salt.

Paula: I have heard in a roundabout way that the brothers and sisters were trying to find out who I am, but I don't think they have as yet.

I see by last Saturday's Bulletin that Rural Delivery thinks we are the "mysteries of the Corner" to him. We haven't had to use any celebrated salve to keep our lips closed so far, have we?

Perhaps if he would use some kind of magic liniment, he could think better, and it might help him to solve the mysteries of The Corner. KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

### GREETINGS FROM SNOWBALL.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: Here I come again for a chat with the sisters after a long absence. What pleasant weather we are having. It won't be long before winter is with us again.

Annette: Your story about The Hushing Bee was fine. We should all thank Merry Farmer for giving us such pleasant eveninging.

Crimson Rambler: How did you arrive home. Hope you didn't have any accidents. When are you going to give us another visit.

Maple Leaf: Why don't you write? Maple leaves will soon be a thing of the past.

Paula: Have you got rested yet from your excitement the night of the hushing bee. If so, please give us a call.

Edna Bud: Where are you? Have you got your new house built yet? I suppose you are busy. How is your friend P.? I haven't seen her lately. I have been thinking of you and you can be. Please give me a clue so I can find out.

Balsam Fir: I received your postal. Was very pleased to hear you are recovering.

Wiggle: Have you been fishing lately? It is nearly time you got that trout again. When you get it, then you won't get time to go fishing.

Aunt Abby: Was pleased to see you at the fair. I was up to the tent but I didn't see anyone in there.

I will close now to give some of the other sisters a chance.

Now that the evenings are getting looser, we can find more time to write. Best wishes to all the sisters.

SNOWBALL.

### THE MAKING OF FRUIT BUTTER.

Editor and Social Sisters: Someone has asked how to make apple butter. Apples are plenty and if one has the time and patience the following is good—an old-timer's rule:

Apple Butter.—One gallon of boiled cider, half a bushel of tart, juicy apples, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of one-half teaspoon soda. As soon as you put the soda in, add one pint of milk; then the salt, pepper and a dash of taste.

When making starch on wash days, add a teaspoon of powdered borax to the starch before adding the water. After the starch is made, add a teaspoon of the size of a walnut and a teaspoon of salt.

Paula: I have heard in a roundabout way that the brothers and sisters were trying to find out who I am, but I don't think they have as yet.

I see by last Saturday's Bulletin that Rural Delivery thinks we are the "mysteries of the Corner" to him. We haven't had to use any celebrated salve to keep our lips closed so far, have we?

Perhaps if he would use some kind of magic liniment, he could think better, and it might help him to solve the mysteries of The Corner. KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

### GREETINGS FROM SNOWBALL.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: Here I come again for a chat with the sisters after a long absence. What pleasant weather we are having. It won't be long before winter is with us again.

Annette: Your story about The Hushing Bee was fine. We should all thank Merry Farmer for giving us such pleasant eveninging.

Crimson Rambler: How did you arrive home. Hope you didn't have any accidents. When are you going to give us another visit.

Maple Leaf: Why don't you write? Maple leaves will soon be a thing of the past.

Paula: Have you got rested yet from your excitement the night of the hushing bee. If so, please give us a call.

Edna Bud: Where are you? Have you got your new house built yet? I suppose you are busy. How is your friend P.? I haven't seen her lately. I have been thinking of you and you can be. Please give me a clue so I can find out.

Balsam Fir: I received your postal. Was very pleased to hear you are recovering.

Wiggle: Have you been fishing lately? It is nearly time you got that trout again. When you get it, then you won't get time to go fishing.

Aunt Abby: Was pleased to see you at the fair. I was up to the tent but I didn't see anyone in there.

I will close now to give some of the other sisters a chance.

Now that the evenings are getting looser, we can find more time to write. Best wishes to all the sisters.

SNOWBALL.

### THE MAKING OF FRUIT BUTTER.

Editor and Social Sisters: Someone has asked how to make apple butter. Apples are plenty and if one has the time and patience the following is good—an old-timer's rule:

Apple Butter.—One gallon of boiled cider, half a bushel of tart, juicy apples, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of one-half teaspoon soda. As soon as you put the soda in, add one pint of milk; then the salt, pepper and a dash of taste.

When making starch on wash days, add a teaspoon of powdered borax to the starch before adding the water. After the starch is made, add a teaspoon of the size of a walnut and a teaspoon of salt.

Paula: I have heard in a roundabout way that the brothers and sisters were trying to find out who I am, but I don't think they have as yet.

I see by last Saturday's Bulletin that Rural Delivery thinks we are the "mysteries of the Corner" to him. We haven't had to use any celebrated salve to keep our lips closed so far, have we?

Perhaps if he would use some kind of magic liniment, he could think better, and it might help him to solve the mysteries of The Corner. KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

### GREETINGS FROM SNOWBALL.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: Here I come again for a chat with the sisters after a long absence. What pleasant weather we are having. It won't be long before winter is with us again.

Annette: Your story about The Hushing Bee was fine. We should all thank Merry Farmer for giving us such pleasant eveninging.

Crimson Rambler: How did you arrive home. Hope you didn't have any accidents. When are you going to give us another visit.

Maple Leaf: Why don't you write? Maple leaves will soon be a thing of the past.